

Wife and Baby
OUGHT TO GO TO THE COUNTRY BEFORE LONG. FIND A PLACE FOR THEM IN THE WORLD'S HOME AND HOUSE COLUMNS TO-MORROW.

PRICE ONE CENT.

TO-MORROW'S WORLD'S HOUSE AND HOME DAY.

LAST EDITION
EIGHT PAGES.
EULALIA'S RECEPTION.

The Infanta Given a Gracious Welcome to the Shores of America.

A Big Fleet of Pleasure Craft Goes Down the Bay to Meet Her.

ROYAL SALUTE FROM GUNS.

Compelled to Decline the Invitation to Remain in the Metropolis.

The reception given to-day to the Infanta Eulalia, the representative of the Queen Regent of Spain to the Columbian Exposition and the guest of the United States of America, on her arrival at this port was decidedly informal, but it was hearty and it was characteristically American.



PRINCESS EULALIA.

It was informal because the programme for the movements of the Princess was not definitely known. Efforts had been made to gain her acceptance of an invitation to remain in New York City for more before proceeding to Washington, and on her decision in that matter depended the nature and scope of the celebration.

In the hope that she might be induced to stay a magnificent suite of apartments had been retained for her at the Hotel Savoy, and a committee from the Cerclo Colon Cervantes had been selected to go down the bay to greet the Princess and urge her to remain in New York City for more before proceeding to Washington, and on her decision in that matter depended the nature and scope of the celebration.

The rooms reserved at the Hotel Savoy are fourteen in number and occupy the whole second floor of the house. The Princess's sleeping-room is the one at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, overlooking the Park and the Plaza. It is upholstered in lavender, olive, green and red, and has a large bay window with white and gold.

Spanish Officers Gather Early.
At pier 10, East River, the 4-6 of the Company's Transatlantic Express, to which the Infanta Maria Christina, Infanta Eulalia, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

and then there was much excitement and cheering by the Spanish-American people on the shore. The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

By a singular oversight, the American flag was not among the hundreds that flew to the breeze from the Spanish vessels. At 9:30 o'clock the Spanish vessels weighed anchor and passed inside the hook, preceded by the Dolphin, which had been waiting their movements. The Dolphin led the way up through the ship channel, saluting with her big guns.

The Infanta Eulalia and her husband stood on the bridge of the ship at anchor, drank in the scene and feasted their eyes on as pretty a landscape scene as can be found in any harbor in the world.

A pretty scene in the Lower Bay. A perfect day had dawned upon the good ship Reina Maria Christina. The May sun

glinted and glistened on the rippling waters of the lower bay. The three vessels, the Reina Maria Christina, the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel, and the United States steamer Dolphin, riding at anchor there, presented a picturesque and beautiful sight. They were profusely decorated.

"MAJOR RYAN'S" BIG ORDERS.

A Crank Annoys Wholesale Merchants Downtown.

Glassware and Meat Purchased in Unlimited Quantities.

The gallant officers and brave tars of the Philadelphia are looking today for "Major" P. H. Ryan and if he is caught he will certainly be kateled-nailed.

Yesterday afternoon the Major presented himself at the office of S. J. Van Housen, at 18 College place.

When Mr. Van Housen received him, the gentleman, for such he appeared to be, grew very confidential.

"You make good glassware here," he said, "and I want \$3,000 worth of it delivered at Pier 1 for the Philadelphia, our flagship."

"But haven't you a lot of glassware in the Philadelphia now?" asked Mr. Van Housen.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but it is like this. When a certain class of people come aboard our ship we produce tinware. Oh! it's good. For another class we produce silver, but for ladies we only serve glassware."

"Well," continued the man, "ladies are not creatures and they sometimes drink too much. They break a glass."

"It seems horrible to them and they send for the steward and the steward says it is nothing, but that does not satisfy them. They want to pay for it, and they do."

"I do," the stranger continued, "Mr. Van Housen's informant, 'that our men-pot has \$2,000 in it for broken glass, contributed exclusively by ladies.'"

Mr. Van Housen went down to pier 1 this morning and found that the gentleman was still there.

"He was attired in a military cut blue suit, with a blue peaked cap," said Mr. Van Housen, "and carried a cane. On the finger of his left hand he wore a large bandage, which, however, made no difference to him."

"He gave me a complete Meyers and Krastus Winman as reference."

Comptroller Myers said today to no such person as Major P. H. Ryan. He certainly had never given any letters of recommendation to such a person.

A. G. Berry, the wholesale butcher of 59 Barclay street, was also visited by the Major. The butcher he ordered 2,000 pounds of beef, to be delivered at pier 1, North River, on board the revenue cutter Bronx.

The meat was ordered to be delivered in a hurry as there were 250 hungry people on board the Bronx and the Major was very impatient.

When Thomas Phillips, an employee of Berry, was asked down to pier 1 he learned that the Bronx had been burned six years ago.

"Major" Ryan is still at liberty and considerable mystery surrounds his identity. He asked for a man from Van Housen, but was refused. It does not suggest a loss to Butcher Berry.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GEARY LAW.

THE EXCLUSION IDEA AS LI HUNG CHANG SEES IT.



THE EXCLUSION IDEA AS LI HUNG CHANG SEES IT.

KAYNE TO FILE A BOND TO-DAY.

The Young Millionaire Accused of Undervaluing Horses.

If the Charge Is Proven He Will Forfeit \$2,080.

This afternoon Alfred Kayne, a thirty young millionaire, of 32 Riverside avenue, will file a bond with the United States collector of Customs of New York covering the assessed value, with expenses, of the three Canadian horses recently imported by him and seized by the United States revenue officers because of their having undervalued their value.

Within two weeks there will be also a hearing in the United States District Court asking that the penalty for undervaluation of the horses, which is forfeiture of the bond, be ordered against Kayne.

The Canadian horses were imported by Kayne from Canada to this country. To his stable, Pointe-a-la-Paix, Kayne stated the value of his horses to be \$2,080.

Traveller Agent Montgomery thought something was wrong and had the horses valued by an expert, and they were worth \$2,080. Second appraisal reduced this estimate to \$600. The first estimate was based on the value of the horses and the three horses were seized by the customs people.

Kayne, a clever man, has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business.

JAMES E. MURDOCK DEPARTS.
The Venerable Actor Passes Away at His Home in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, May 19.—James E. Murdock, the actor, died at 5:30 o'clock this morning, aged eighty-three.

For two years he had been ill from various ailments.

He was tenderly cared for to the last by his daughters, the Misses Fanny and Ida.

DUPONT'S DEATH INVESTIGATED.
A Louisville Paper Says He Was Not a Victim of Violence.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 18.—Rumors concerning the recent sudden death of Mr. A. V. Dupont have been investigated by the Louisville police, who have found that there is no foundation for the report that Dupont was a victim of violence.

WAS THE RACE FAIR?

EIGHT PAGES.

Pierre Lorillard Denounces the Brooklyn Handicap.

Says There Was a Conspiracy to Defeat Lamplighter.

And Denounces the Principals as "Villains and Scoundrels."

Just before the Brooklyn Handicap was run on Monday Frederick Osburn, the widely known and respected turfman, said to a reporter:

"I think Lamplighter should win the race. It was not for the fact that he will be fouled and interfered with during the race I would put a sweet bet on him."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised newspaper man.

"Just exactly what I say," returned Mr. Osburn. "Watch the race and see if I am not right."

The race was run, and as every one knows, Lamplighter was beaten. While Sims, a jockey, dismounted with tears of vexation welling up in his eyes. He declared that "never before have I ridden a horse who was so persistently and frequently fouled as was Lamplighter."

Three days have elapsed since the race was run, and each day Pierre Lorillard's opinion of the race has been getting more and more positive. Trainer Higgins informed him of the facts immediately after the race, and friends also sent telegrams informing the master of Hancoc, who was ill at Hoboken, of their suspicions in the matter. This morning Mr. Lorillard makes public his opinion of the race.

"I thank God," he says, "that I got my horse out of that race alive, and when I think of that pack of villains and scoundrels who were in the scheme I feel doubly thankful."

These are hot words, and they will make responsive echoes in the breasts of many who believe that a deliberate attempt was made to beat Lamplighter in the race.

Mr. Lorillard has now some positive evidence to warrant him in speaking as strongly as he does. Though he mentions no names, he knows that his words will reflect on Michael F. Dwyer, owner of one of the most powerful stables of racehorses in this country. Mr. Lorillard further says:

"I cannot say whether I will demand an investigation or not. I have not yet made up my mind. I have not heard of any investigation being brought to the attention of the board of control, but it should be. Fortunately Lamplighter came out of the race unharmed, but no would have been cut down had he not been well booted. As it was, one of the boots was entirely cut off. I was too ill to be at the track on the day of the race, but I have learned a great deal since that event. That is all I have to say at present."

In response to Trainer Higgins's telegram after the handicap had been run, Mr. Lorillard telegraphed to H. de Courcy Forbes, President of the New York Jockey Club, to see President John Hunter, of the Board of Control, and ask for an investigation into the matter.

Mr. Forbes, who is a close friend of Mr. Lorillard, has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business.

FATHER CORRIGAN SAYS HE REFUSED A MITRE 15 YEARS AGO.
He Denies that the Newark Diocese is to Be Cut in Two.

Rev. Father Corrigan, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken, to-day denied the rumor current in Hudson County yesterday that the Newark Roman Catholic Diocese, which comprises the State of New Jersey north of Elizabeth, was to be divided, and that he was to be made a Bishop of that portion embracing Jersey City, Hoboken and the other towns in Hudson County.

The origin of the reported change in Catholic affairs in the Newark Diocese was undoubtedly traceable to the recent visit to Father Corrigan of Mr. Sattoli, the Papal Ablegate, which was made the occasion of special rejoicing by many of the priests of that diocese.

An "Evening World" reporter found Father Corrigan this morning exercising his regular daily exercise in front of his residence on Willow avenue, Hoboken. He good-naturedly declared that the report that he was to be elevated to the rank of Bishop was a mere rumor.

"I am not surprised that such a rumor was prevalent," he said, "and it undoubtedly grew out of Mr. Sattoli's visit to me."

WAS THE RACE FAIR?

EIGHT PAGES.

Pierre Lorillard Denounces the Brooklyn Handicap.

Says There Was a Conspiracy to Defeat Lamplighter.

And Denounces the Principals as "Villains and Scoundrels."

Just before the Brooklyn Handicap was run on Monday Frederick Osburn, the widely known and respected turfman, said to a reporter:

"I think Lamplighter should win the race. It was not for the fact that he will be fouled and interfered with during the race I would put a sweet bet on him."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised newspaper man.

"Just exactly what I say," returned Mr. Osburn. "Watch the race and see if I am not right."

The race was run, and as every one knows, Lamplighter was beaten. While Sims, a jockey, dismounted with tears of vexation welling up in his eyes. He declared that "never before have I ridden a horse who was so persistently and frequently fouled as was Lamplighter."

Three days have elapsed since the race was run, and each day Pierre Lorillard's opinion of the race has been getting more and more positive. Trainer Higgins informed him of the facts immediately after the race, and friends also sent telegrams informing the master of Hancoc, who was ill at Hoboken, of their suspicions in the matter. This morning Mr. Lorillard makes public his opinion of the race.

"I thank God," he says, "that I got my horse out of that race alive, and when I think of that pack of villains and scoundrels who were in the scheme I feel doubly thankful."

These are hot words, and they will make responsive echoes in the breasts of many who believe that a deliberate attempt was made to beat Lamplighter in the race.

Mr. Lorillard has now some positive evidence to warrant him in speaking as strongly as he does. Though he mentions no names, he knows that his words will reflect on Michael F. Dwyer, owner of one of the most powerful stables of racehorses in this country. Mr. Lorillard further says:

"I cannot say whether I will demand an investigation or not. I have not yet made up my mind. I have not heard of any investigation being brought to the attention of the board of control, but it should be. Fortunately Lamplighter came out of the race unharmed, but no would have been cut down had he not been well booted. As it was, one of the boots was entirely cut off. I was too ill to be at the track on the day of the race, but I have learned a great deal since that event. That is all I have to say at present."

In response to Trainer Higgins's telegram after the handicap had been run, Mr. Lorillard telegraphed to H. de Courcy Forbes, President of the New York Jockey Club, to see President John Hunter, of the Board of Control, and ask for an investigation into the matter.

Mr. Forbes, who is a close friend of Mr. Lorillard, has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business.

FATHER CORRIGAN SAYS HE REFUSED A MITRE 15 YEARS AGO.
He Denies that the Newark Diocese is to Be Cut in Two.

Rev. Father Corrigan, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken, to-day denied the rumor current in Hudson County yesterday that the Newark Roman Catholic Diocese, which comprises the State of New Jersey north of Elizabeth, was to be divided, and that he was to be made a Bishop of that portion embracing Jersey City, Hoboken and the other towns in Hudson County.

The origin of the reported change in Catholic affairs in the Newark Diocese was undoubtedly traceable to the recent visit to Father Corrigan of Mr. Sattoli, the Papal Ablegate, which was made the occasion of special rejoicing by many of the priests of that diocese.

An "Evening World" reporter found Father Corrigan this morning exercising his regular daily exercise in front of his residence on Willow avenue, Hoboken. He good-naturedly declared that the report that he was to be elevated to the rank of Bishop was a mere rumor.

"I am not surprised that such a rumor was prevalent," he said, "and it undoubtedly grew out of Mr. Sattoli's visit to me."

WAS THE RACE FAIR?

EIGHT PAGES.

Pierre Lorillard Denounces the Brooklyn Handicap.

Says There Was a Conspiracy to Defeat Lamplighter.

And Denounces the Principals as "Villains and Scoundrels."

Just before the Brooklyn Handicap was run on Monday Frederick Osburn, the widely known and respected turfman, said to a reporter:

"I think Lamplighter should win the race. It was not for the fact that he will be fouled and interfered with during the race I would put a sweet bet on him."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised newspaper man.

"Just exactly what I say," returned Mr. Osburn. "Watch the race and see if I am not right."

The race was run, and as every one knows, Lamplighter was beaten. While Sims, a jockey, dismounted with tears of vexation welling up in his eyes. He declared that "never before have I ridden a horse who was so persistently and frequently fouled as was Lamplighter."

Three days have elapsed since the race was run, and each day Pierre Lorillard's opinion of the race has been getting more and more positive. Trainer Higgins informed him of the facts immediately after the race, and friends also sent telegrams informing the master of Hancoc, who was ill at Hoboken, of their suspicions in the matter. This morning Mr. Lorillard makes public his opinion of the race.

"I thank God," he says, "that I got my horse out of that race alive, and when I think of that pack of villains and scoundrels who were in the scheme I feel doubly thankful."

These are hot words, and they will make responsive echoes in the breasts of many who believe that a deliberate attempt was made to beat Lamplighter in the race.

Mr. Lorillard has now some positive evidence to warrant him in speaking as strongly as he does. Though he mentions no names, he knows that his words will reflect on Michael F. Dwyer, owner of one of the most powerful stables of racehorses in this country. Mr. Lorillard further says:

"I cannot say whether I will demand an investigation or not. I have not yet made up my mind. I have not heard of any investigation being brought to the attention of the board of control, but it should be. Fortunately Lamplighter came out of the race unharmed, but no would have been cut down had he not been well booted. As it was, one of the boots was entirely cut off. I was too ill to be at the track on the day of the race, but I have learned a great deal since that event. That is all I have to say at present."

In response to Trainer Higgins's telegram after the handicap had been run, Mr. Lorillard telegraphed to H. de Courcy Forbes, President of the New York Jockey Club, to see President John Hunter, of the Board of Control, and ask for an investigation into the matter.

Mr. Forbes, who is a close friend of Mr. Lorillard, has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business and has been very successful in his business.

FATHER CORRIGAN SAYS HE REFUSED A MITRE 15 YEARS AGO.
He Denies that the Newark Diocese is to Be Cut in Two.

Rev. Father Corrigan, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken, to-day denied the rumor current in Hudson County yesterday that the Newark Roman Catholic Diocese, which comprises the State of New Jersey north of Elizabeth, was to be divided, and that he was to be made a Bishop of that portion embracing Jersey City, Hoboken and the other towns in Hudson County.

The origin of the reported change in Catholic affairs in the Newark Diocese was undoubtedly traceable to the recent visit to Father Corrigan of Mr. Sattoli, the Papal Ablegate, which was made the occasion of special rejoicing by many of the priests of that diocese.

An "Evening World" reporter found Father Corrigan this morning exercising his regular daily exercise in front of his residence on Willow avenue, Hoboken. He good-naturedly declared that the report that he was to be elevated to the rank of Bishop was a mere rumor.

"I am not surprised that such a rumor was prevalent," he said, "and it undoubtedly grew out of Mr. Sattoli's visit to me."